1:Du Bois E-5 (1938-1939) 1944
OF5 Alor OF5

"Here is a rich man." I felt very proud and went around all day boasting of what I had done.

A year or two later they were building the lineage house Kolwei in Dikinge. I said to my mother and father, "We had better roast a pig for it." I talked as though I were a rich man. So my father said, "You had better go to your Male House and ask them for a pig." I put on my side shield and back shield, took my bow and arrow, and went all the way to the site of Old Kariets [about an hour's walk]. I stood on the verandah and asked my Male House for a pig. Just as I spoke the pig began to squeal. My Male House didn't even wait for me to come in. They went and tied the pig for me right away. I had a hard time carrying it home all by myself. I carried it in my arms, on my head, and on my shoulders. It was heavy for me. When I got home I gave the cry of a man returning with wealth. My father said, "He is already a rich man; he doesn't travel empty-handed." That day we roasted the pig at the lineage-house front.

When the soldiers were here [about 1918–20] I made friends with a Raute man [i.e., a civil prisoner used as a servant for soldiers]. One day a soldier was butchering a pig and asked for my father's knife. I gave it to him, but when he was through using it he did not return it to me but just stuck it in his belt. I asked him for it but he wouldn't give it to me. I asked again. He began chasing me. I was afraid I would be killed. A white officer stood in one doorway of the government camp with his legs together, blocking the doorway. Another stood blocking the other door with his legs spread. I made a dash as though I wanted to get out through the door that the first officer blocked, then I doubled quickly in my tracks and ran between the spread legs of the second officer. I got away. The next day I was afraid to go to camp, but my Raute friend said it was just play and not to be afraid. He had some cooked rice and he gave it to me with two pieces of fish on top. He kept guard so no one could come and take it from me. Alurkuma wanted to take my rice. He came sneaking up, but the Raute man took a stick and chased him away. He wouldn't let anyone near. My father was sitting under a tree off to one side. I wanted to give him the food but I couldn't; so I ate a little and hid the rest in my basket when the Raute man wasn't looking. Then I gave him back the empty pot to wash. I was too small to wash it myself. Then I went off and gave father the food I had in my basket, and he ate it. This Raute man also gave me the head of a pig they had killed, and my father and I went off together into the garden and ate it.

At this time we were living in the garden house at Maimunlang. A